Outside of the Osage tribe are many individual Indians who are growing rich. This is especially true of the members of the five civilized tribes—the Cherokees, Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws and Seminoles—which live in the Indian Territory and have a government of their own. The interest money due them is paid to them regularly without question, because they are perfectly competent to take care of their own affairs. Many of them are well to do; and if all their race had their business ability there is no reason why the majority ity there is no reason why the majority should not be independent.

THE GIRL WHO "TRIES ON."

She Relates Some of Her Trials and Griev ances and Regrets Her Limited Stature. New York Tribune.

"I sometimes wish my good looks was in my face," said the pock-marked girl. "It would be awful nice to have my eyes blue instead of green, and my mouth little in-stead of big. However, since that wasn't to be so, I'm glad I aint so scrawny as some girls that ain't bad looking in the face. Folks try to comfort me by saying there are a dozen pretty faces to one real good figure, but the best consolation I get is the \$12 a week that my figure brings me in, now that I've got a place. If I was just one inch taller I'd have got one without any trouble; but, though I wear the very highest-heeied shoes I can find, still I ain't tall enough to suit some of them.

Who are them? Why, the bosses in cloakplaces, of course. You don't think I pose for art classes, do you? Not much, I don't. I'm a figure, not a model. Cannot add a cubit to my stature? I don't want to add a

cubit, whatever that may be, to my stat-ure, but I'd like to be just an inch taller. I'm all right in other matters-thirty-eight inches in the bust and twenty-three inches in the waist, with nicely-sloping shoulders and a long-enough neck-short that would like to be figures, and a good many more are all right except for their big waists. Now, some of the girls say I'm laced tight because my waist is so small in comparison with my shoulders, but it isn't so; nobody ever saw me puff and pant as girls do who tie one of their corset-strings to the bedpost and pull for all they are worth on the other.

"An easy berth I've got? Well, yes, it is easy work in comparison with what some other girls have to do for half the money, but I have the care of the fine stock, and it weighs on my mind, I can tell you, to be held responsible for all them high-priced sacques and wraps. And then the constant trying on! It's true my hours are only from 9 till 5, but I earn my selary, as well as the black satin dresses that I wear in the shop. Yes, of course, they furnish the dresses. I'd like to see myself, with a salary of \$12 a week, buying my own silks and satins, for they wear out awful quick under the constant putting on and pulling off of sacques and wraps. No, I don't do any trying on in the work-room. Figures are expected to do that in smaller establishments, but in our place it is as much as I can do to try on for customers. Sometimes there will be as many as five ladies standing around waiting to see how sacques that they have took a fancy to will look on me. From 9 o'clock till 5 it is usually try on and

try on, with hardly any let up, and some-times I have been nearer fainting than any would think, but I've stood it out because I knew that fainting folks ain't wanted in business. No, I don't have to stand still. I almost always walk up and down the room to show off the things, and while the customers are looking at me and passing remarks I am expected to look just as sweet and smiling as one of the wooden dummies in the window, no matter what they may be saying. Not always compli-mentary? You just ought to hear 'em! Sometimes they will say that everybody can see I am a made-up figure or I wouldn't be so stiff. The square-shouldered sort say that my shoulders slant too much, and what would fit me wouldn't fit them. I should hope not! The stoutones say that it is inhuman to keep melaced up so tight-that I'd have a twenty-eight-inch waist if I was I'd have a twenty-eight-inch waist if I was let alone. The awful tall ones say they can't tell what a cloak really looks like when they see it on such a squatty figure, and some who walk like cows themselves say they could form a better judgment of a cloak if they saw it on a graceful person. I'd like to know if anybody but an actress could walk natural with so many folks staring at her all at ones! Frown 'em down! I darsn't A figure has got to look just as pretty as she can or she'll be bounced, and as matters stand it makes against me, I can tell you. stand it makes against me, I can tell you, that I ain't no better looking in the face.

"Our business booming, you think? Well, it ain't bad, but, of course, you know there's a dozen cloaks tried on for one that is sold, and sometimes for none that's sold Time and again I've tried on cloak after cloak for customers that had no more idea of buying 'em than I have of buying the moon. You may say it 'is all in the day's work,' and I 'hadn't ought to mind it.' but when the buyer scolds the salesladies for not selling more cloaks, some of 'em has a way of blaming it onto me, telling him I leave all the talk to them about their being warm and comfortable, and at the same time light and stylish. I'd feel like it. wouldn't I, say on a hot day in September, praising up Newmarkets and sealskin sacques, and such things that I'm nearly suffocated in! Yes, we are a wful busy n Septemberselling our imported articles to the buyers for small stores, and my work lasts on later into the summer than you might think, so many folks buy when the season is over, so as to get ithings cheap. I hardly ever go on my vacation before the last week in June. Some of the girls in our place say I don't need no vacation, and it's only fun to be wearing fine clothes all the time, or, at least, all day, as I do, but I dont see where the fun comes in. I like fine clothes as well as other folks, but there ain't no satisfaction in putting 'em on if they don't be-long to me, and having a \$300 sealskin wrap on my back doesn't make me forget that my Sunday sacque cost only \$15, and if I buy a silk dress this year it will have to do me another winter."

Pear Tree Three Centuries Old,

Passengers to Lawrence via the Essex branch of the eastern division of the Boston & Maine railroad may see, in passing the high bridge approaching Danversport a wonderful instance of the vitality of the pear tree by glancing down into the little nollow on the left. The tree is easily distinguished from the fact that it stands separate and alone, protected by an encircling fence. It was planted by Gov. John Endicott, the first head of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, in 1630, and stands on the once famous colonial "Orchard Farm," within sixty rods, bearing south-east, of the sturdy Governor's mansion. The old tree, a mere shell, with apparently all its inner integuments gone-nothing but he outer bark remaining, and the substance of that split in twain-still stands. and renews again its vernal beauty in a wonderful display of blossoms. It is undoubtedly the oldest pear-tree in New England, and it is exceedingly doubtful if it has its rival in the United States. Of all the host of thrifty trees, the pride of the stern old Governor's heart, whose number gave to the manor of three bundred acres its patronymic "Orchard Farm," this ven-erable tree alone remains. But though its blossoms are fair, its fruit is said to be gnarly and bitter. The tree appears to give promise of rounding out three centuries of

Not Exactly the Same.

"I am delighted to see you, Miss Ticklo-well," exclaimed the visitor, warmly. "You haven't changed a particle in ten

"You mistake, Mr. Westerly," said the Boston maiden, wiping her spectacles thoughtfully. "Externally I may appear the same, but science demonstrates irrefragably that the human physical organism, even to its ultimate particles, is entirely reconstructed every seven years."

SERVIA'S UNHAPPY NATALIE

Story of the Ex-Queen That Reads Like a Chapter from the Middle Ages.

Dissolute King Milan's Wooing and Winning of a Russian Bride, and the Train of Sin, Sorrow and Suffering That Followed.

lew York World. The life of Natalie, ex-Quuen of Servia, who has just been expelled from the kingdom over which she once ruled, and where her son is to sit on the throne when he comes of age, is crowded with romance, vicissitude and sorrow such as have fallen to the lot of but few women in the closing years of the century. The narrative reads like a chapter from the tragic records of the middle ages when, as a rule, kings and queens moved in an atmosphere of intrigue, conspiracy, plot and counterplot, eventuating, as the fortunes of war or diplomacy ran, in dethronement, exile or death. Years ago Natalie was compelled to pass through the bitter and humiliating tribulation of being forced from the throne by the hand of a brutal husband, on what are believed to be trumped-up charges of dishonor that have no foundation, or at the most a flimsy one, in fact. Banishment, too, she has more than once suffered, so that in the chalice of affliction there is only very little

left for her to drain. Natalie is the daughter of Colonel Kechko, of the Russian Imperial Guard, and one of the richest of the residents of the province of Bessarabia, in southwestern Russia. In 1875 there was considerable excitement over Bulgarian affairs in Servia and in Russia. The Turks were committing outrages and atrocities without number in Bulgaria, and the Servians were loudly clamoring for war in support of their suffering brothers. Milan was only twentyone years old at the time. His reputation for courage was not of the most exalted character, and he hesitated about entering into a conflict with the Ottoman power. His people, however, were pressing him hard on the subject, and finally he so far yielded to their demands as to visit the Czar and ascertain if he would have the sympathy, if not the support, of Russia in the event of Servia declaring war against furkey. On his way to the Russian capital Milan stopped at the fine old castle on the Pruth, of Colonel Kechko, whose wife was the well-known Princess Pulcherie Stourdza, a relative of the great Gortschakoff, who was the Czar's Premier. Colonel Kechko received the young ruler of Servia in royal style. Milan was then very popular with the Russians. A large number of Servians were engaged in the revolt in Bosnia and Herzegovina against the iron rule of the Sultan, and Milan was desirous of expelling the Turks from Bosnia and uniting that country to Servia, proclaiming himself King of the two lands.

THE COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE While Milan was the guest of Colonel Kechko he devoted himself exclusively to Natalie from the very moment of his introduction. She was then between sixteen and seventeen years of age, and was noted for her beauty over nearly the whole empire. The attentions of her royal suitor she received with marked coldness. She had, it is said, set her affections on a young Russian officer, and declined to listen to the overtures of the young. Servian ruler, however flattering they might be. But Milan was not to be disconraged, and asked the Colonel for his daughters hand in marriage. Colonel echko was far from insensible to the advantages of the alliance held out to his house and promptly overruled all the objections that were raised by Natalie. The betrothal took place and was celebrated at a series of festivities which were attended by all the nobles within a radius of many leagues. Prince Milan then continued his journey to St. Petersburg. The fame of his conquest of the beautiful Natalie had preceded him and he was kindly received by the Czar, who, in addition, aided him in his political designs. The marriage took place in the summer of 1875 and Natalie threw herself with the utmost enthusiasm into the cause of her new country when war was declared against Turkey the following spring. She made a personal appeal to the Czar for assistance, interested herself in the hospitals and the widows and orphans, for all of which Servia almost adored her. Then came the war between Russia and Turkey, in which the latter power was badly beaten. Servia was free and powerful and Natalie had become a mother, the child being christened Alexander. He was born

All the inborn depravity in Milan's nature now began to develop itself. He neglected the beautiful and accomplished woman who had done so much for him and his people, and plunged into debaucheries too gross even to be named. Natalia centered all her affection on her child, and on the Servians, who reverenced her, while they pitied her for the sorrows she was compelled to endure. When young Alexander became of that age when it was necessary to deter-mine on the method of his education, the reach between Milan and his wife became wider and deeper. Natalie desired that he should be educated by Russian teachers. The King decided that Austrian tutors should have the care of the young Prince. In the bitter quarrel that followed she reproached her husband with the scandalous life he was leading. This, according to one set of chroniclers, led him to set a trap for his wife, the result of which should leave her reputation very little better than his own. One day, the story goes, she received a visit from the Metropolitan Bishop Michael, who said he came in answer to a note she had sent him. She was indignant, and declared that a conspiracy was on foot to destroy her. The King's minions were close at hand, and the Bishop was arrested for alleged intimacy with the Queen.
At the same time the King applied to the synod. Natalie, while protesting against the insult, decided, for the sake of her child, to prove her innocence, but after this she never lived with him. She never went near him until one day in 1884, when she besought clemency for some soldiers who had revolted. He returned her the brutal answer that they should be pardoned if she would come and live at the palace, and be chambermaid to one of the women he was then maintaining

HER ENEMIES AT WORK. The enemies of Natalie, on the other hand. assert that she has been engaged in numerons liaisons, the most notable of which was one with a former Austrian envoy at Belgrade, Count Rudolph Knevenhuller. She denies each and all of them. Finally, in the spring of 1887, after hearing that the King had openly accused her of improper re-lations with M. Ristics, a Servian diplomate devoted to Russian interests, she took the boy Alexander with her and fled from Belgrade to Russia, where King Milan's agents tried to kidnap the child. The King managed to obtain a divorce, which Natalie has never ceased to declare was wrongfully obtained. Bismarck, anxious to please Austria, finally compelled her to surrender the child, after which Milan abdicated and had the boy crowned. providing at the same time a regency until he should become of age. In September 889, when the Servian Premier proposed to her an arrangement, by the terms of which she and the ex-King Milan were only to visit Belgrade in the future for three weeks twice a year, she replied in these

"I have already given you my answer. refuse to sign any compact as a condition for securing to myself what you yourselves concede to be the inalienable right of all Servians-I mean the right to reside in their own country. As to my maternal rights, if you arbitrarily withhold them by force others must judge between us. But I will never sacrifice one thing for the other my rights as a mother to secure my rights as a Servian. I ask no honors. I ask only my civil rights. If you knew how firm is my resolution you would not waste words.

Now that I have happily returned, there
exists no power or authority to compel me to depart again. I am not on the same footing as King Milan, who would not live in Servis on any consideration; who has no friends or interests here; who, in fact, has friends or interests here; who, in fact, has and not a single one put on record." Noth- go out of the world happy in the conscious- plate in the row. You wouldn't have to be sacrificed the crown in order to amuse himing could better illustrate the growing ness of having fought the good fight. The

self again here. While it is inexpressibly painful to me not to see my son, yet at least I feel that I am near at band and at home. I do not know how long you care to keep us apart. If you expect to find any cause of offense in my conduct you will be disappointed. I shall live quietly here in my own house among people who love me. Do you imagine that I, young, rich and free, have sacrificed nothing in order to preserve the dignity of a Queen of Servia and mother of the King? Yet you wish me to sign away the few rights left me, that I may enjoy on an equality with King Milan honors I have never demanded. If you can bring any reason why I am unfit to associate with my son, or that I should contami-nate him, mention it."

BERNHARDT IN THE SAGEBRUSH. The Boys Called Her Sally and Watched Her Beat Mile. Seylor's King. San Francisco Examiner.

Since the people of Nevada were ignored by the President in his transcontinental trip they have turned out to make the most of the French actress Bernhardt in her journey through the sagebrush, and crowds of people turn out to catch a glimpse of her as she travels.

The special swung into Winnemucca to a minute with the arrival of the east-bound sleeper, and as the two trains stopped the regular was next the platform, shutting Bernhardt's car from the crowd that had collected on the platform. Presently a small boy yelled to the engineer: "Take your old train up by the tank and give us a chance to see Sally Bernhardt."

The crowd laughed and then a mob of boys gathered about the engine and threatened to board it and demolish it if it did not move on. After considerable chaffing the regular pulled out, and there sat Bernhardt, to be seen by everybody through a big plate-glass window, with Mme. Mea and Gilbert. She was playing cards and seemed very much in earnest. The crowd pressed about the window and as the ladies looked up Bernhardt laid down her hand and looked in an amused way at the spectators of the game. Here Mile. Seylor, who playes ingenue parts, quietly held a king up to the window where the sagebrushes could see it, and amid a general laugh some one sang out for her to lead. Bernhardt saw the motion as the card went up, and in a few seconds she held her arm to the window and pulled an ace out of her sleeve in full view of the crowd. This littie by play was done in inimitable style and called forth a roar from the crowd as the train moved on. At Humboldt Wells a little Frenchwom-

with a pretty baby in her arms. Bernhardt car, as she wanted to kiss it. The porter attempted to carry out the instructions, but the mother demurred, and the porter, who seemed to think Bernhardt's word law, attempted to take the child. Ex-Assemblyman Blakesley started in to thrash the porter, when the great French actress lit on the platform as if she were leaping from the tower in the last act of "La Tosca," and in an instant she was chatting French with the mother, who finally handed her the child to kiss. In the midst of the confusion a big spotted dog of the Great Dane variety sprang into the crowd, and ranged alongside of his mistress,

an was walking up and down the platform

showing his teeth viciously.

Bernbardt kissed the baby a couple of times, handed it a packet of French candy to stop its outery, and cuffing the big dog's ears boarded the train. Wherever the train stops her great Dane dogs, who are the monsters of the canne world, are led out to play, and, as a rule, people who see them coming get out of the way. There was several minutes' stop at Lovelocks, and here one of the dogs strolled into a beer saloon, scattering the inmates who were playing poker. Bernhardt was intensely amused when she saw the frightened yokels striking through the sagebrush, while the dog, about the size of a yearling calf, playfully bounded after them. In the midst of the fun the proprietor of the place came out of the back door with a shotgun, and the dog was called back.

BILL NYE GETS SHAVED. He Then Provides an Outfit and Resolves to Be His Own Barber.

I had a strange and wild experience last month. I had been in the hills of North Carolina four days, and a beautiful mauve beard had sprung up like a bed of asparawithin eight miles of a barber-shop. I got on a late train at Biltmore. The Biltmore station was formerly a hog incubator, but it was found that the air was so bad that the piglets died off, and so it was con-demned and made into a depot. I sat there three hours, and all that I could find to read was a copy of the American Beekeeper for 1879, and it had been used to clean the lamps. But I read all of it. Part of it I memorized.

There was a barber-shop at Biltmore, but being Sunday it was closed while the proprietor scrubbed the clotted blood off the floor. I do not shave myself yet, though am going to try it this summer. So I took the train, bearded as I was like a pard, as I heard a poet get off the other day. stopped over night at Knoxville, but left before the shops were opened in the morning. That evening I had to argue in the hall at Dayton, O., and would get there at 8:15 P. M. So I saw no chance to get shaved. I feel naturally great pride in my personal appearance. It is all I have. When jone has been endowed that way I do not think it is wrong to add to one's personal beauty by shaving every five days. I spoke to Joe Harris, a member of the

Tennessee Legislature. about this, and he said it was rather tough to lecture with a "Ten-Nights-in-a-Bar-room" beard, and would I mind letting him shave me at the junction, where we had to wait thirty minutes. I thought a moment, and then I said believed I would venture. He was very kind. He did not do it as a general thing. but he wanted to do me a favor, and he had a nice razor that came a prize to each subscriber of the Little Hustler, a monthly

We got to the junction and retired to the wood-shed of a pleasant little cafe near by. The rest of the passengers came along, also. All of East Tennessee not otherwise engaged came too. Some left their work and came. They were still coming when we got through. The effects of the anæsthetic wore off as I approached Lexington, and my face pained me a good deal, but I looked better, every one said. Mr. Harris deserves my thanks, and I heartily tender them. I can truly say that I was never more delightfully shaved in my life-by a member of the Legislature.

Since then I have bought some razors, and as I write these lines I am nerving myself up to try one of them. Napoleon said that the men who won victories and concuered the world shaved themselves. I have got some new shaving soap that smells like the upper drawer of Cleopatra's clothes-press, and I have a bright, new strop, with a red case for it, and a beautiful pad of shavingpaper, and a bunk of alum to stauch the blood if I cut the core out of my Adam's apple by mistake. To-morrow, if the sign should be right, I will shave myself.

How Some Women Earn Money. Washington Post. Ladies who have been engaged in good work for the benefit of the church or for charity have hit upon a novel idea for raising funds. Each member of the aid society binds herself to contribute \$1 that she has earned herself; the money may not be taken from the store of pin money. The stories of how the money was earned are told at a general meeting, and the result is very enmembers told how she blacked her hus-band's stove at the office ten times for 10 did fancy needlework, and so on. The greatest financial turn, however, was that of a woman whose husband wanted some home-made bread. "Pll give you 50 cents to make me some," he said. She went to work, and that night it was before him on the table. He tasted it, and then cheerfully gave her 50 cents more not to make any

Getting Out of the Hole. Kansas City Journal. The Journal took occasion two or three days ago to remark that the Kansas farmers are now on top sure enough. The following extract from a letter written by a the Journal's assertion: "Reports of damage to the wheat crop in Kansas are all

HOW TO EAT, DRINK AND DRESS.

Blossoms of Philosophy Gathered Along the Pathway of Experience by an Old-Timer.

Joe Howard, in New York Press. In this extraordinary weather, when one roasts, and broils, and sizzles to-day, and is chilled to the marrow to-morrow, it is difficult to determine just how to dress, precisely how to eat, and by eating I mean drinking quite as much. I had occasion a few nights since to be up very late, and in a very noisy place, where excited men were drinking, and smoking, and gesticulating. and shouting vehemently. Excited somewhat myself, and very much interested in a discussion which approached the verge of physical encounter more than once, I unconsciously partook more frequently than common sense or prudence would indorse of iced champagne and of a delicate concoction known as a whisky smash.

A whisky smash, when properly prepared is the most seductive beverage known to mortal throat. You take a half spoonful of granulated sugar and pour upon it a half spoonful of water. Into the glass put a half dozen sprigs of fresh mint, from which you mash the juice by dexterous pressure of the spoon or pounder. Into this jerk a few drops of absinthe or bitters, pour in perhaps a wineglass of good whisky and just enough water to say so. Strain this into a delicate cocktail glass, and you have a refreshing stimulant which, taken in moderation, and well iced, is not only extremely palatable but tonicky. Several of them, however, mixed with iced champagne, on a hot summer night, with a giass of beer, are not calculated to improve the tone of one's stomach.

That's where the beauty of temperance

comes in. Temperance means that subtle

something which decides that the point 18

reached and moderation is satisfied and no more must be taken. Total abstinence. save in the case of men who have no control over themselves, is as much a farce as excess of indulgence is a crime. Intemperance on either hand should be avoided. Well, there was a large company present and, arm in arm with a man well known in the realm of letters, I started homeward, parting with him at 3 o'clock in the morning at the corner of Fifth avenue and top, woke headachy, took a cold bath, shaved and dressed myself with clean fresh linen from top to bottom. I never suffered such agony in my head in my life, with hysterical addenda, as I did from 11 in the morning until 3 in the afternoon. Then after a few doses of olla podrida the pain disappeared, and I went to work as bright as a button, my head as clear as a

This morning I met the gentleman from whom I had parted at 3. He was a perfect wreck. He looked like the stalk of the last rose of summer. His eyes were bloodshot. he was unshaven and not particularly clean. The contrast between us was so marked that we both spoke of it. "Why, how well you look," said he.

"What in the name of common sense the matter with you?" said I. Mutual explanations followed. You know what I did, now I will tell you what he did. He went home, and tumbled into bed just as he was. I mean without a bath or anything of that sort. The next merning he had a headache. He was too tired and sick to bathe and shave. He couldn't eat, but he braced up on the theory that the hair of the dog was good to cure the bite of the cur, he braced up regretting that he had unconsciously taken too much the night before, but foolishly thinking that the way to aid his stomach was to load it still deeper and to push it still deeper. Now it would have been much better if the discussion we both had had taken place in the open air, and that hospitality had not reigned supreme, or that common sense had suggested to us in the very heat of what was really a fierce and unpleasant discussion, that moderation and temperance were the best friends to all concerned. But, as I say, at such times one is not apt to think, and after a mistake is made, the proper thing to do is the best. If no refreshments had been offered, all right, but there were. Cleanliness, however, is next to godliness, and in this hot weather, when you are overcome mentally and physically, the very best thing to bring you back to a normal status is cold water-plenty of it-fresh linen, and a continuous care of the external as well as the internalities. A dirty face and unshaven beard are to me like a soiled collar, or a rumpled shirt front, or unpolished shoes. Start right in the morning, close right at night and half the battle is won. New York is a city of drinkers. The rich here, the poor there. In the magnificently-decorated saloons, with pictures costing from \$10,000 to \$40,000 each, sit men of wealth and moderate means sipping champagne or swilling whisky. In less conspicuous places, but with equal tendencies and common appetites, sit other men sipping claret and swilling beer. So it is from one end of Manhattan island to the other, and that, too, in a season of the year when moderation and temperance would seem to be the guide-post to health and comfort,"
Well, what should we drink? I think it is a good scheme to drink coffee with break-

fast, good coffee with boiled milk and a little iced water. At dinner, assuming dinner to be at 6:30 or 7, a glass or two of claret, and if you can afford it a glass or two of champagne, and then during the evening if upon you, there is no harm done to any one if the dinner dose is repeated. But, bless my heart, that isn't what I mean by drinking. The first thing in the morning when you get to your office is the suggestion by some friend of a cocktail or a smash, and it has become a fad among a certain class of men nowadays to go to the Astor House about 12 and drink a milk punch. Well. now, a milk punch would do you no harm, but the dickens of it is this is the United States of America, where it is customary for Tom to say to Dick, "Have a drink?" and, having taken it, then Dick is expected to say to Tom, "Have another?" There is no such thing as moderation.

There is no such thing as temperance

among men of business and men of affairs.

The ordinary man isn't contented with a

glass of beer. He wants a pail of it, as if he was a hog, or a horse, or a cow. Why, read the story of Tracy, formerly the hus-band of Agnes Ethel, the actress. It was his cheerful custom to drink a quart of champagne before breakfast, and top off at night with a quart of brandy. Heaven only knows what he took between times. N wonder he died. All sorts of patent medicines are resorted to by the same people All sorts of bitters have their friends and indorsers, and as for soda-water, there is hardly a mill-pond large enough to hold the quantity of this beastly stuff that is taken every day during the hot summer months. Obviously man is a drinking animal Somebody gave him the appetite, as we all have it. You who drink iced-water fifty times a day are just as intemperate as the man who drinks whisky twenty times a day. I remember a great many years ago. over in Brooklyn, a popular preacher started a revival of religion. He had a workingman's prayer-meeting at 7 o'clock in the morning, a working-girl's prayermeeting at 7:30 in the morning, a regular prayer-meeting at 8, a conference at 11, a prayer-meeting at 3, a prayer-meeting at 7:30 and a lecture at 8, with a pastor's talk tertaining. At a recent meeting one of the with the people at the close of the lecture, members told how she blacked her hus- And I had friends who literally and absolutely went to every one of those meet ags. cents each; another painted china, another | and it occurred to me that that was just as much intemperance as anything that could be devised. Don't misunderstand me for a moment. If you do so it is your own fault. I am not a drunkard nor a scoffer. I am simply a public teacher trying to convey an idea, and that idea is that cleanliness is next to godliness: that temperance and moderation in eating, and drinking, and religion are the proper guide post to health and comfort in mind and body. That's all.

Old Way the Right Way.

It may not be generally known, but it is nevertheless a fact, that some of the greatest and best preachers in the world do not gentleman living in the central part of the use slang or abusive language, or pass State would seem to emphasize the truth of around the hat for a living. They suffer many hardships, and, as a rule, remain Central Kansas I have seen nothing to compare with this year. Kansas is fast getting out of the hole. Last week in Reno county twenty farm mortgages were constituted by the seen and the powerty and die neglected and in their old age teel all the evils of powerty and die neglected and in the seen and the powerty and die neglected and in the seen and the powerty and die neglected and in the seen and the powerty and die neglected and in the seen and the powerty and die neglected and in the seen and the powerty and die neglected and in the seen and the power resort to sensational methods in order to draw erowds and the power resort to sensational methods in order to draw erowds and the power resort to sensational methods in order to draw erowds and the power resort to sensational methods in order to draw erowds and the power resort to sensational methods in order to draw erowds and the power resort to sensational methods in order to draw erowds and the power resort to sensational methods in order to draw erowds and the power resort to sensational methods in order to draw erowds and the power resort to sensational methods in order to draw erowds and the power resort to sensational methods in order to draw erowds and the power resort to sensational methods in order to draw erowds and the power resort to sensational methods in order to draw erowds and the power resort to sensational methods in order to draw erowds and the power resort to sensational methods are resorted to sensational methods and the power resort to sensational methods are resorted to sensational methods and the power resort to sensational methods are resorted to poor all their lives, but they never resort

do some good in their way with certain classes, but it would be very unsafe for the preachers of the day to imitate them.

Among sober-minded people there is a growing conviction that the old way of preaching the gospel is the right way, and their opinion is more likely to be right than

BLACK PENNEY'S SINKIN' FEELIN'. some of the Characteristics of a Colored Cook Accurately Portrayed.

Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

"Where is the custard that was in this bowl, Penney?" I asked, as, looking into the stove. I missed half that I had prepared

"Miss Kate," she said, eying me firmly, "do you think I would slip your custard?"
"I do not say so, Penney; I only ask what has become of it since I gave it to you to

"You know, Miss Kate, dat right don't wrong nobody, an' you know I has dis sinkin' feelin' here." she answered, placing her hand over her belt, "an' I has to eat somethin' right away. My ole man dun tole me I must always do it, an' I knowed you didn't have no use for more than half that custard, so I cooked a little of it in dis here very pan"—she lifted the pan and shook it at me—"to eat fer dat sinkin', an' it dun cured me."

No symptoms of remorse or guilt disturbed the serenity of her countenance as she spoke, and it was really with some embarrassment that I said: "Well, Penney, I do not wish you to divide my food before you send it to the table. You must never do it again without asking me," I rather lamely concluded.

I had found my first leaf-embowered guinea nest the week before. Persons who have never had this pleasure have no idea how exquisite it is. The clean eggs were piled in tiers in the dainty exvern, that must not be touched under penalty of the hen abandoning her nest. The next day Penney, again oppressed with the sinking feeling, had gone, with my permission, into the orchard for fruit to make her a pie. I thought of my treasure trove as she returned, and, throwing on my hat, I hurried to the nest, only to find it entirely empty.

"Penney," I wrathfully exclaimed, as I reached the kitchen door, "did you take those eggs that were under the apple tree?" An inscrutable, fortified expression spread over her face.

"Miss Katie, I ruther die than tell von lie: dat's de way my ma raised me. I felt like I couldn't wait to cook no pies fer dis sinkin', an' I thought de aigs would do just as well. I didn't know it was your nest, 'cause you don't make no practice ler findin' Twenty-third street. I came home, took a sponge bath, drank a goblet of mests, an' I put de last one er dem aigs right in dat ar pot er greens to bile, an' if you don't bleve me you can look in dar an' see fer yoself. But please, Miss Kate, don't think I was tryin' to slip. My ole man say he would ruther fer me to quit than fer you to think I won d slip. He aint so overly settled in his mind 'bout stayin' here, no

Her calmness and mystery of the situation completed my discomfiture, and, after a rebuke that was tame, indeed, in proportion to the offense, I left her in possession of the field and my eggs. Her sinking feelings would have become monotonous it they had not alternated with a "hard feel in';" especially after gorging herself on "drop dumplings." In such an event she insisted that she needed "strong medicine," and remained in bed all day. This occurred so often that my father, whose experience with such cases was limitless, suggested a remedy which he called balm tea. He prepared it of a powerful emetic, disguised in sugar and peppermint. Penney complained bitterly that, after taking it, she "could not keep nothin" on her stummick," but it always effected a cure.

THE SUNDAY QUESTION Southern Writer Who Believes "The Sabbath

Was Made for Man." W. J. S., in Atlanta Constitution. Old-time Sabbatarianism got its death blow when Christ rebuked the narrowness of the Scrives and Pharisees by the reply "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." It is moreover, a significant fact that at no time, whether he spoke a sermon, or parable, or wrought a miracle, did he emphasize the fourth commandment. The Jewish traditions and teachings with reference to the seventh day were strikingly unsuited to the brightness and sweetness of the first day of the week, which in due time was to become the weekly festival of the resurrection. The Puritans, whose asceticism disfigured the Christian Sabbath, were in sentiment, if not by birth, uncircumcised Jaws.

They put, as Tom Hood phrases it, "too much Sabbath into their Sunday." Those Protestant bigots, the Mathers of New England, kept Boston in a state of lively fermentation by their extreme views on Sunday observance. Tipstaffs were kept prowling through the streets and around the meeting-house, trying to catch some unlucky wight who was casting love-lorn glances at the deacon's daughter. And there, too, was the officious beadle, who was required to touch up some oleaginous selectman who should nod at intervals in listening to a sermon that stretched from the Adamic transgression to the trump of

Next to this rigid enforcement of Sabbath laws, was the war waged on Quakers and Baptists, interlined with holocaust in the way of a w. sh-burning. There the Mathers, Increase and Cotton, were as autocratic in their petty sphere as Hilderbrand in his broader diocese. Such compulsory methods were naturally followed by a reaction that still exists in Puritan Boston. Nowhere in this country, east of the Mississippi, is there a common wealth that has a more latitudinarian theology, a larger perntage of divorces, a greater number criminal abortions, and a bigger per capita of felonies than the old Bay State. As to Sunday observance, the people of Massachusetts are not more scrupulous than other old communities. The recent "tempest in a teapot" that this question produced in Atlanta shows that the Puritanic theory of the Sabbath still has some foothold in this progressive city. Just as it required three hundred years to eliminate the seventh day observance from the Christian calendar, so such momentous issues as the decoration of a few confederate graves on Sunday afternoon will still be discussed with a fluency and fervency that reminds us of-

An ocean into tempest tossed To waft a feather or to drown a fly. Verily, we are a generation slow of un lerstanding, however glib of tongue. We are now in less than a decade of the twentieth century after Christ, and we are still judging one another in respect to meats, and drinks, and Sabbaths, and holi-

There is even an organized Christian Church of Seventh-day Adventists that observe the literal Sabbath and cling to the doctrine of a speedy personal advent of the Son of God. For the Sabbath as the blessed Christ interpreted it, we are profoundly thankful and endeavor to be fairly observant of its sacredness.

Let us steer clear alike of continental and Puritanic methods. For the frivolity of the former and the vinegarish savor of the latter are both to be deprecated.

ONLY A SAUSAGE. Once the Popular Edible of Rome, Now the

Necessary Adjunct of a Free Lunch. Milwaukee Sentinel. Since the days of ancient Rome sausage

has been a popular edible. When the Goths, and Visi-goths, and Vandals, and other tribes from the north swept down on the abnormal civilization of the great empire, sausage maintained its hold through the turbulent middle ages, and the famous sausage of Lucania were supplanted by a variety of imitations. The Lucanian sausages were made of fresh pork and bacon, chopped fine, with nuts of the stone-pine, and flavored with cumin-seed, pepper, bay leaves, various pot-herbs and the sauce called garum. In spite of an occasional death or two from indulgence in the se-ductive combination, sausage will live, and many times the longer it lives the more alive it gets. Bologna sausage is still one of the national emblems of sunny Italy, and the smoked sausages of Germany are almost as famous as lager-beer.

A person can easily study character and a man's business at the same time if he will stand close by a free-lunch counter any morning between the hours of 10 and 12 o'clock, and watch the way the different habitues take their sausage. The first one who comes along orders a beer in an apolegetical tone, throwing down a nickel at the same time, and then wanders towards the sausage plate as though he had just seen them for the first time. He hesitates poverty and die neglected and in want, a minute and then as his nerve braces up but their work lives after them, and they he starts in and takes a slice from every go out of the world happy in the consciouspreoccupied kind of way, and a cold chill the contrary, feel as an exile when abroad, and find it a relief and pleasure to find my self in his own fashion elsewhere. I. on prosperity of the farmers than the last evangelists who go up and down the land as fiends. The next man who comes in is the contrary, feel as an exile when abroad, and find it a relief and pleasure to find my celled and not a single one put on record."

| Self in his own fashion elsewhere. I. on prosperity of the farmers than the last evangelists who go up and down the land as fiends. The next man who comes in is bareheaded and in his shirt elseves. He and find it a relief and pleasure to find my celled and not a single one put on record."

finger to the gentleman with the white apron as he passes, takes a slice or two of the first plate within reach, walks back and drinks his beer between mouthfuls of sausage, throws down his nickel and departs. Nine chances to one he is in business for himself, and money-making is his chief end in life. Another man, or a party of men, come in. They leisurely quaff their beer, and, having half consumed it, stroll over to the lunch-counter, and, after an inspection of the different varieties of sausage, select a slice to their fancy and walk back and finish their beverage. The chances are the same that they are lawyers or persons of leisurely habits when out of the office. When a man comes in and takes his beer over to the lunch-counter, and picks out a piece of sausage after a critical inspection of every plate, put him down for a person who works on a salary in some

THE OLDEST LIVING NAG. Kentucky Animal That Carries a Deep Scal From the Mexican War.

Memphis Commercial. The oldest horse on record is owned by Maj. Robert Maas, of Louisville, Ky., who possesses papers proving its age to be some-thing over forty-seven years. Ivanhoe, as he is called, is a large bay, with a white spot on his forehead, and, up to a few years ago, of a gentle, affectionate disposition, but has grown peevish and capricious with his increasing age. This, however, is only shown toward strangers, while he is de-voted to his master and his children, who play about him with perfect fearlessness. Ivanhoe was stolen several times during the civil war, but invariably made his way back in safety to his pasture, having contrived in some way to escape from his cap-

He bears on the right flank the scar of a gunshot wound received in the Mexican war, at the battle of Buena Vista, while ridden by Major Mass' grandfather. It is over thirty years since Ivanhoe has known bridle or harness, but spends his days strolling about his pasture, into which he will allow no other horses to be placed, but will resent all intrusions with a vigorous use of his teeth and heels. His faculties all appear unimpared, with the exception of total deafness, resulting from a severe attack of a disease prevalent a few years

Far from being feeble, Ivanhoe moves briskly about, and will often permit two or three of the younger children to mount and ride him about the pasture. He has, how-ever, lost nearly all of his teeth, and lives upon boiled corn and other soft food. He made his last appearance in public at the cattle fair held in Lexington, last fall, and came home completely denuded of his relics of the oldest horse known.

Briggs Not to Be Easily Overcome. New York Christian Advocate. It is obvious that Professor Briggs cannot be trusted with the management of his own case. Few men of such learning are apparently so reckless in utterance and irritating as he. If he is to be tried for heresy he will not lack friends of ability. His opponents must formulate their charges with great sagacity, present proofs only after a most careful verification of their references, and a careful comparison of the context and of modifying phrases and paragraphs. They must rigorously reject every questionable sentence, and define the issue sharply; and they will need to put forward their most acute and vigorous minds, masters also of eclesiastical law and procedure.

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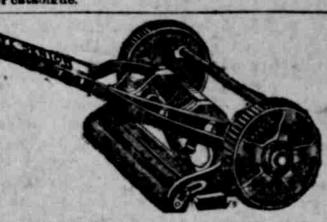
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